made any very great contribution to *English* literature, Bengali friends have told me that it is unfair to judge Tagore as a poet by his English translations, even though they are his own. Most of the finest vernacular literature has not been translated and much of it defies translation.

Bengalis were not only influenced by English; I am told that the influence of the great Russians—Dostoievsky, Gogol and others—was considerable. To those who seem to think that Bengal consists of clerks and terrorists, it would be a revelation to meet some of the distinguished coteries of literary folk in Calcutta to-day. They speak with assurance of the development of writing in England. We discussed the poetry of Auden and Dyment; others were interested in Louis Aragon and tendencies in France. This group produces a critical review in Bengali, not unlike the *Criterion. I* have no doubt that the same can be said of other parts of India, though I fancy that much of their art and literature is derived from Bengal.

The artists and writers have ceased to be imitative and are becoming creative, but one great weakness remains. Art and literature have been divorced from the language of the common people. The idiom, influenced by English with Sanskrit or Persian affinities, tends to be exotic and isolated. Even in the Tagore school there may be an element of preciosity. Though writers in Bengal have not carried "art for art's sake" to the limits which it reached in England and France at the end of the nineteenth century, it is often a real danger. Indian literature is still concerned with personal emotions and reactions, it has not on the whole been related to the life of the people. Perhaps in the crude ballads and folk-songs of the peasantry the literature of the future may have its most fruitful stimulus. The development of vernacular education and the efforts that are being made by such men as Gandhi and Nehru to